

The
YALE RECORD
Book of Verse



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THE YALE RECORD
BOOK OF VERSE
1872-1922

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THE YALE RECORD BOOK OF VERSE

1872-1922

CHOSEN & EDITED BY
FRANCIS W. BRONSON
THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB
CYRIL HUME



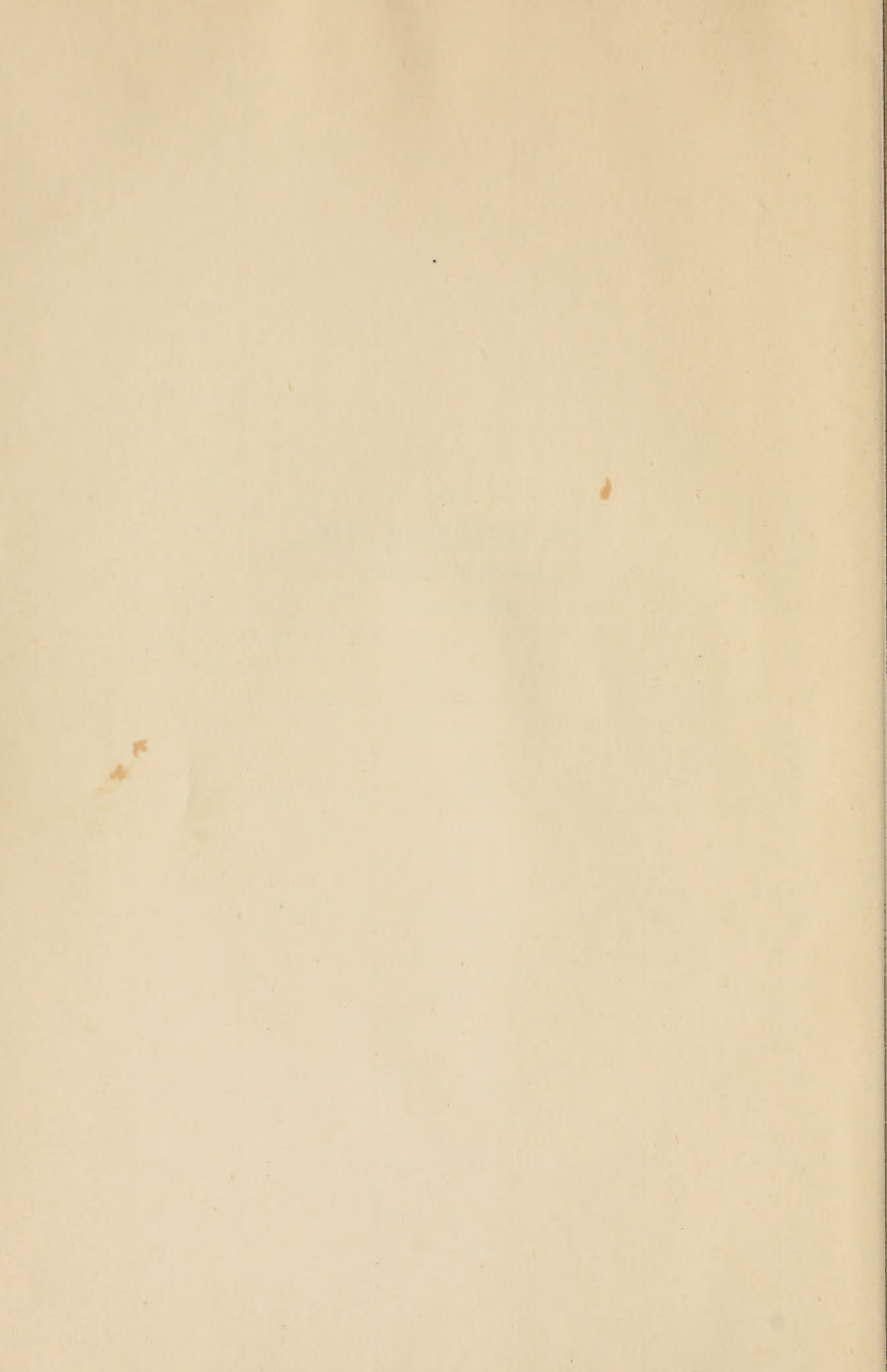
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TO
THE EDITORS OF THE
YALE RECORD
1872-1921



"I Have the Honor Of."

It was a happy idea of Mr. Francis Bronson and his colleagues on the editorial board of the *Yale Record* for the Class of 1922, to blow the dust off the files of fifty years, and save from the shadow of oblivion verses that echo the laughter of twelve college generations. Humor and song are eternal expressions of University Youth. Whatever undergraduate conversation may lack in weight of thought and height of theme, it abounds in humor—humor as harmless as it is genuine. And it is as natural for undergraduates to write verse as it is for them to sing in the shower-bath. All boys are poets at heart.

This does not mean that they all compose melodiously. It is only at rare intervals that we read a new poem that we should like to read again. But in college life, we know that if adolescence has not been metrically impressive, maturity will be equally barren. There are obscure students in universities who later develop into famous men of business, men of science, men of politics, men of letters, whose ability is unsuspected both by classmates and by teachers; but there are no obscure poets. Men do not become poets after twenty-two any more often than they become pianists.

The best verse in this volume is that written by students who are now professional poets—such as Brian Hooker, W. R. Benét, and Stephen V. Benét. But there are many other metrical conceits, both pretty and witty, that exhibit either the fundamental humor of youth, or

that allude to some contemporary object of mirth. This little book, therefore, has a value apart from its merits as a sheaf of light verse; it is a contribution to the history of fun at Yale. American college humorous publications do well to confine themselves chiefly to subjects of local interest and importance; while some of these pages are cheerful reading anywhere, most of them will appeal mainly to the students and alumni of Yale.

WM. LYON PHELPS.

Yale University,
18 August 1921.

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Elegy in a Princeton Churchyard.

The whistle shrills the note of closing play,
The roaring crowd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The Yale man wends his wild exuberant way
And leaves the field to doggrel and to me.

Now fades the purple landscape on my sight
And all the air to evening zephyrs tunes,
Save where the nighthawk wheels its mumbling flight
And glassy tinklings rise from far saloons.

Beneath these empty stands, these goal-posts' shade
Where heaved the play in many a struggling heap,
Each in his orange sweater lifeless laid—
The vanished kickers of the pigskin sleep.

The joyous light of the victorious morn,
The coaches clamoring from the training-shed,
The crowd's oration on the glad tin horn
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

Oft did the tackle to their rushes yield,
Their tandems oft the stubborn line have broke—
How jocund did they drive their train afield!
How bowed West Point before their sturdy stroke!

Let not Columbia mock their bootless toil,
Their paltry conquest and their fractured fame,
Nor Cornell hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the game.

Can flowing bowl or animated bust
Back to their bosoms bring their wonted beat?
Can vain excuse provoke the slumbering dust,
Or laughter light the darkness of defeat?

Perchance in this neglected spot is laid
Some Poe that ended ere he well began,
Some mute inglorious Wheeler, all dismayed,
Some new Lamar, perchance, who also ran.

For thee, who mindful of things passed away
Dost love to learn each dismal doom forlorn—
Approach and read (if thou canst read) the lay
Carved on the fence beneath yon aged thorn:

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the flexile neck
A youth to football and to fame unknown,
Fair fortune of his hopes did little reck,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

No further seek his merits to disclose
Nor draw his fumbles from oblivious land;
There they alike in charnel calm repose
Beneath the shadow of the Princeton stand.

W. BRIAN HOOKER.

If You Were I!

If you were I this rondeau free
Unto your eye would seem to be
 A tripping, skipping, blithesome verse
 Of fancy light and language terse—
A type of purest poesy.

If I were you I might agree
With what I fear you think of me,
 But at my lines there'd be no curse
 If you were I.

And so, O critic, kindly see
That virtue lies in charity:
 To me these lines that I rehearse,
 If I were you, would be much worse;
But ponder what to you they'd be
 If you were I.

The Game and the Poets.

Horace Forgets All About It.

The game?—oh, rare! A gloomy pyre
Are Princeton's hopes tonight, by Venus!
But—come and draw your chair up nigher,
And talk, Mæcenas!

The game—why care, sweet, for Fame's jump?
Love's the one sport not strained or showy!
There no one bellows, "Kill the ump!!"
Kiss me, Philoe!

The game—oh, can it! Get me, scout?
I'm tired! All strife was made for scorning!
Come on, let's get the bottle out!
We'll drink till morning!

Robert Burns Almost Gets There.

Such rantin' and dantin'
The college laddies made!
Such dirlin' and skirlin'
It struck me sair afraid!
I drew my wee bit flaskie oot
And swigged the whuskey braid!

Such pourin' and soarin'
My head felt at the brew!
My wits went oot explorin',
I kenn'd na what to do,—
For the bleachers fou' were roarin'
And I was roarin' fou'!

*John Masefield Extends the Everlasting Mercy
to the Tiger.*

From '96 to nineteen blank
My conduct was described as rank.
From nineteen blank to 1905
Men wondered why they let me live,
I cut my aged mother's throat,
I acted like a bloody goat;
And that I weren't no blooming parson
I showed by piracy and arson!
From 1905 to 1910
I roared 'round on the loose again!

All day I'd booze, or chew, or smoke
Heroin, hasheesh, hop and coke.
On to '15 I plunged in revel,
I sold my soul unto the devil,—
And what I did, in slums and bars,
I mercifully show by stars!

* * * * *

By then I'd used up all my tricks,
"I'm bloody in a bloody fix!"
I said—and searched the law-books through
To find some final crime to do,
The one huge, unforgiven sin
That bloody rots the heart within!
The sin that like a steel-tight jersey
Removes you from eternal mercy!
I bloody shrank a bit at first
To crown my horrors with a worst!
But soon I yielded. Vileness filled me,
I went to Princeton—and it killed me!

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

Harvard's Warning to Our Prom. Girls.

"'Tis friend Lampoon the giftee gies us
Tae see oursel's as Harvard sees us!"

I

In their prison cells they sit,
Thinking, Brickley dear, of you,
And their hopes of vict'ry flown so far away;
And the tears they fill their eyes

Spite of all that they can do
As they try to cheer the Brothers and be gay.
Then—stamp, stamp, stamp, the boys go marching,
Two by two you see them trail;
For the wearers of the Blue,
Oh, such gruesome things they do—
'Tis the soul-destroying atmosphere of Yale!

II

When you mention It they rise
And depart with solemn eyes;
If you're dancing, they will leave you standing there.
From the place they hide their pins
To their squarely Yale-cut chins,
They will shudder and will cut you with a stare!
Then—stamp, stamp, stamp, the boys go marching,
Out the door you'll see them trail!
For they always call attention
To the things *you mustn't* mention—
'Tis the soul-destroying atmosphere at Yale!

The Dyspeptic Cannibal.

A cannibal was seated on a green Pacific isle,
With the temperature at ninety-nine degrees;
His dress was rather scanty, in a truly savage style,
Just a pair of Boston garters round his knees.

But he didn't seem quite happy, for now and then a groan
Escaped—which tore his savage breast in two;
And he chanted in a melancholy, meditative tone
The ditty that I now repeat to you.

"I've eaten hostile tribesmen without a single question,
I've feasted on the yellow, black, and brown;
But I never have encountered such a fit of indigestion
As accompanied the minister from town.

"I have tried the Uambago, boiled and roasted, baked and
fried,
I have chewed the woolly Oolah stuffed with yam;
But for all the after symptoms from the dishes I have
tried
I wouldn't give a Bamballooadam.

"But I caught this missionary calmly strolling on the
main;
Cooked and served him dressed exactly *comme il faut*.
But a feeling deep within me, makes it disagreeably plain
That the missionary surely is *de trop*.

"I have eaten hostile tribesmen with the greatest of
urbanity;
I've feasted on the yellow, black, and brown.
But to eat a missionary was the acme of insanity.
You cannot keep a good man down."

His Mistake.

I

A chilly night,—a single wrap
(I thought perhaps she'd share).
Quite right,—she said she really
Didn't care.

II

I slipped my arm around her
 (For there wasn't room to spare),
And well,—you know,—she really
 Didn't care.

III

Her teasing eyes enthralled me
 (And the moonlight touched her hair),
I really couldn't help it,—and,—she really
 Didn't care.

IV

I thought she loved me truly
 (And 'twas all upon the square),
But what she said, alas, was true,—
 She really didn't care.

Frustra.

“There's many a Slip 'twixt Pip and Lip.”

I

Long time her faithful slave I'd been
With thronging others; long unable
To leave the throng, and fairly win
 Fair Mistress Mabel.

II

One night I thought my prize I'd get;
Apart from all we two were dancing,
When close she leaned, and closer yet,
 With charm entrancing,

III

Against my shoulder (ah, such bliss
Had never cruel Fate assigned me!)
And rapturously blew a kiss—
To one behind me!

A Bashful Ballad.

Susannah Lee and Reg de Punk
Went for an auto ride one day,
For Sue was tired of walking 'round
On her—but there, I'd best not say.

Now all went well until they struck
A rut which neither one had seen,
There was a smash and Susan broke
Her—you know what I mean.

They laid her 'neath a shady tree
And poured cold water on her head,
For she had fainted from the pain
In her—what all along I've said.

The doctor came and sawed it off,
Though her embarrassment was great.
And now she goes around without
The thing they had to amputate.

For days and days she stayed at home,
Although she knew she should go out,
For she could not feel quite the same
Without her—what I spoke about.

At last a friend came to her house
And, when she passed inside the door,
She took with her, all wrapped up close,
A wooden—what I said before.

Henceforth she went about with ease,
Although her step had lost its spring,
But if she breaks the other one,
Why then—I'll tell you everything.

The Female of the Species.

(Rudyard, forgive me!)

When the father Jersey skeeter lights upon the neck of
Man,
His intent is but to tickle and his collar-button scan;
But the mother shoves her stinger through the epidermal
scale,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the
male.

When in foraging old Bruin noses 'round the neighbors'
stoop,
At once the Tom-cat stretches and retires from the group;
But the she-cat and her kittens drive him from the gar-
bage pail—
For the female of the species is more deadly than the
male.

When the long-delayed remittance doesn't come from day
to day,
The stude can bluff the tailor's man with promises to pay;

But the laundry lady's summons leaves him terrified and
pale,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the
male.

On a Monday night, at Poli's, we can stand it pretty well
When a baritone performer sings "The Boys Who Fought
and Fell,"

But we flee in wild disorder when the soubrette starts to
wail,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the
male.

There are rufnex at the Lighthouse where the breaking
waves dash high,
And the bold Savinian mucker is an awe-inspiring guy;
But the "lady friend" he convoys makes the bold explorer
quail,
For the female of these beaches is more deadly than the
male.

But we're going home for Christmas, so perhaps it
wouldn't do
To berate the fairer gender, looking at them *tout en tout*,
So we wax apologetic, and admit that rules may fail
And the female of OUR species be much nicer than the
male!

Wander Song.

(From any of the popular magazines.)

Give me the curlews calling on the gypsy patteran,
The pine-smoke whirling, falling, and the battered, open
van!

Give me the fires of spring, lass, your warm red mouth to
kiss!

(But, for Gawd's sake, gimme the twenty bucks I get for
writing this!)

Noon and the red gods crying, night and the wild stars
dim,

And my lonely heart replying, astrain for the skyline's
rim!

The white road winding snake-like, the dead plains burnt
to a haze!

(But I'll never go in a million years, for this is the stuff
that pays!)

Now when the waves are foaming, brave on the China
Sea,

It's there that my soul is roaming, it's there that I long
to be!

And oh, for some rot-gut whiskey to battle the sea's white
wrath!

(But I'll home to warm milk and crackers, and a tepid
shower-bath!)

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

Perfectly True.

A Freshman thought a dozen cuts
Decidedly a bore;
He wondered if another one
Would make the office sore.
(It did.)

A Sophomore from Chicago said
He lived upon sensations.
He showed the pictures in his den
To visiting relations.
(He got some.)

A Junior read that gin will jolt
The hardest whiskey fighters.
He tried to prove his stomach to
Be stronger than the writer's.
(It wasn't.)

A Senior heard that diamond rings
Can now be made from glue.
He purchased one to see if it
Would please a girl he knew.
(It didn't.)

Better Be Careful.

Mother said that she'd surprise me,
Come and see my college days;
But I telegraphed to mother,
"Don't! Surprises work both ways."

The Swan Song of the Sword.

*I have cleft the helms of a thousand kings,
I have laughed as the nations fell.
In the wars of the world and the loves of the world,
I have done my work and well.
And I bow my head to a slug of lead
And a pinch of powdered Hell.*

I was born ere the birth of Order,
To history gave I birth.
The past is the tale of my power,
It's boundary the earth.

I gleamed from the walls of Sidon,
Of Nineveh and Tyre;
With Rome the world I trampled
In slavery and mire.

I have flashed in the crashing tourney
Till I raved with the red blood wine.
I have hewn a way for the Templar
Through the plains of Palestine.

With the accolade have I knighted
The son of him I slew,
And he fought his fight to honor
Till I took him as my due.

I have swayed the world as a bauble,
I have played with the fates of men,
And I yield to an unknown master
And a power beyond my ken.

*I have cleft the helms of a thousand kings,
I have laughed as the nations fell.
In the wars of the world and the loves of the world,
I have played my part and well.
And I bow my head to a slug of lead,
And a pinch of powdered Hell.*

EDWARD S. PAINE.

Ballade of the Finishing-School Girl.

“X’s” and “Y’s,” and vagrant signs,
The rate of waters when they flow,
Who conquered first the Mexic mines,
She doesn’t know! She doesn’t know!
—But give her just a Cupid’s bow,
And men crowd four deep to be shot!
Her courses she may flunk, but oh,
She knows a lot! She knows a lot!

The kitchen pans she never shines!
She never puts her hands in dough!
How to knit ties in choice designs
She doesn’t know! She doesn’t know!
But—take her out to dinner—go!
Her eye unerringly will spot
The costliest meats the card can show!
She knows a lot! She knows a lot!

At dances gay she never pines
Where the wallflowers stand arow!
You *may* have *half*—when morning shines!
She doesn’t know! She doesn’t know!

She shook you for a Big Man? No!
But—she's *so* sorry she *forgot*,
And, thank you for the *flowers*, Joe!
She knows a lot! She knows a lot!

Envoi.

Me, Princess, when my cash was low
You didn't know! You didn't know!
It rose—your notes came like a shot!
You know a lot! You know a lot!

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

Ballad.

Concerning ye annual crusade to and conquest of ye
infedele olde toune of Noo Port, Noo Angle, by ye faire
femininitie of ye adjacent colonies.*

* ED. NOTE.—We take pleasure in reprinting undoubtedly the first Prom. ballad ever printed in the annual Prom. Number of "Ye Yale Record" of 1720, which has been recently unearthed in excavation for the new library.

I

Elihu, decke wyth ye blue thyn halles!

Bassoon and hautboys and trumpets blare!

See ye faire hoste storm thy grimme olde walles—

Rosie cheeks, Blue eyn, and Silken hair.

Laughter resounds in thyn cloistres bare,

Merriment rippleth thy frownes away,

Thy fortresse is ta'en by halle and staire—

Uppe from thyn bookes, and make holidaye!

II

Ye hoste rules us vanquished, ye host enthalles,
Captive eche bolde hearte in subtle snare.
Vanquished each knicte of ye pigskinne falls.
Ye knictes of ye stylus noe better fare;
And ye knictes of ye Midnight Oil, where O where
Are theyre tomes and theyre parchementes in brave
arraye?
Ye victor's behest brookes no doubte—Beware!
Uppe from thyn bookes, and make holidaye!

III

Then lette beacons burne as ye even falles!
Lette ye lanthorns swinge and ye torches flare!
Whirle dance, to brave music, tille dawne appalles
Our revelles atte laste, in ye sunne's bold glare!
Then pledge, alle, ye victors inne bumpres rare—
“Ye laydes, God blesse 'em!” for e'er and aye!
Blacke brows to ye de'il, and aroint, dull care!
Uppe from thyn bookes, and make holidaye!

Envoy.

Prince, wi' such Levees and Routes and Balles,
These be goldene hours that flash awaye
To ye workaday drone when butte memorye calles—
“Uppe from thyn bookes, and make holidaye!”

Popularity.

Grace was never very cordial,
Hardly noticed me at all,
Promised dances and forgot them,
Never asked me up to call;
Yet she sent a box of candy,
With a note attached to same
Asking how I was, and so forth—
Just before the Princeton game.

Jennie used to snub me badly,
All my talk did she ignore,
Made remarks about my person,
Told her friends I was a bore;
But she sent a picture postal
With these words before her name,
“How is dear old Yale at present?”
Just before the Princeton game.

Susan promised me her picture,
But, alas, it did not come;
Weeks and weeks I calmly waited;
Broken-hearted, sad and glum;
But a brighter day was destined,
So at last the picture came,
And somehow it chanced to reach me
Just before the Princeton game.

Though I may at times be hated,
Snubbed and frozen by a glance;
Though I may have girls reject me
When I ask them for a dance;

Yet whene'er it comes November,
All their love bursts into flame;
Oh, I tell you I'm a "winner"
Just before the Princeton game.

A Frolicsome Echo.

Have you walked across the Green
In the middle of the night?
When the State House clear is seen,
Glistening pure and cold and white?
Round those pillars lurks an echo
Which at midnight doth appear,
And to passers-by gives answers
Which, to say the least, are queer,
O very queer.

I have heard its elfin voice;
It has frequent answers made,
When, replete with savory oysters
And various things, I've strayed
Past those tottering marble pillars,
And have asked, "How can it be
When (hic) ever'sing is dark around
I'm fi-filled with *bon esprit*?"
"Been on a spree!"

I have argued out the case
With that echo lurking there;
Proved that that was not the place
For an echo to repair,

At the solemn hour of midnight;
And in earnestness intense,
I have pointed to my own self,
"Look on conscious innocence,"
"In no sense!"

"You're no gentleman," I said,
" 'N I doncare whoo you are,
You're an owl, a bat, a red-
Tape old minion of the law.
I can prove you're not a gentleman,
I could tell you in a crowd,
For among polite (hic) people, sir,
No such high-toned talk's allowed."
"Don't talk so loud!"

Many other queer remarks,
Impudent beyond compare,
Makes that echo, in his larks
Up and down the State House stair.
All which proves that sportive echoes,
Giv'n to staying out quite late,
Will reduce a wretched State House
To that very wretched state,
Intoxicate.

V.

Remembrance.

I

Ah, would that I might see again
A face that I can ne'er forget:
It seems that love is only pain,
And memory a wild regret.
Across the years I see it yet,
The sun-bright pleasance of her smile:
Ah, would that we had never met,
If 'twas but for so brief a while.

II

Ah, why should sorrow be so long,
And pleasure be so very fleet?
A world so woeful must be wrong,
And faith is but a vain deceit!—
If pain is needed to complete
A perfect picture, undisplayed,
Ah, would that I might die, to meet
The joy that casts so deep a shade.

LAWRENCE MASON.

Ballade.

Into the nothingness, unafraid,
Into the world with a will to know,
Carolling tunes that Apollo played,—
Smugness is not for a Romeo.
Wandering wantonly to and fro
Of *ultima thule* unaware,
This is the stronger call, and I go,
Happy-go-lucky. Devil-may-care.

Far from the ken of the sticky staid,
Rigid banalities, row on row,—
Motley is mine for the dull parade,
Smugness is not for a Romeo.
Hours of pleasure, a touch of woe,
Bliss to enjoy, and a grief to share;
On again, on in the crazy show,
Happy-go-lucky. Devil-may-care.

Castles in Spain there are, unessayed,
Seeming to beckon an overthrow,
Phantasies fit for a man and maid,—
Smugness is not for a Romeo.
Flat on my back in the firelight's glow
Breathing of beauty, I would be there
Lolling, and watching the green things grow,
Happy-go-lucky. Devil-may-care.

Envoy.

Prince, till the breezes cease to blow
Smugness is not for a Romeo,
Give me a song on the midnight air,
Happy-go-lucky. Devil-may-care.

F. W. BRONSON.

To a Débutante.

What means it all? 'Twas only yesterday
That arm in arm, beneath the elm trees shady,
We strolled, a boy and girl, care-free and gay;
And now they tell me you're a full-grown lady.—
Pray, What's the dope?

I'm still a boy, and you, whose age from mine
Is separated by a week or so,
No longer are a girl; you have, in fine,
"Come out,"—and yesterday seems long ago—
It's pretty tough!

And yet it's right, I guess; for if you had
Waited for me till I became a man,
What chance would be, for you to grab some lad
At twenty-one?—while now you surely can.
But still it's tough!

But now you've done it and the milk is spilled.
I often turn to proverbs in a flurry.
Here's hoping that your future shall be filled
With luck—and as for me, why, I should worry.
(Bus. of worrying.)

W. B. L.

Drinking Song.

Bring hither the wine from the banks of the Rhine,
From vineyards by river and fountain,
Whose clustering grape in royalty drape
The hills, as the trees crown the mountain.

Gather the grape from each island and cape,
From the vine-covered vales of Champagne,
From the land of the dance, most beautiful France,
From the loveliest river of Spain.

Taste of each joy free from taint or alloy;
Drink deep of the goblet of pleasure,—
Let no aching smart wend its way to the heart,
But each beat in according measure.

Put the cares of the day with darkness away,
Nor trouble or sorrow e'er borrow;—
But with loud ringing song the banquet prolong,
Till the night fades in sunbeams tomorrow.

C. S.

A Graeco-African Romance.

A captain of Thebes (which in Greece is)
Was chopped into very small pieces
By a cannibal king
Named Thingumaging
And sent home, C. O. D., to his nieces.

Now this king was an African nigger,
Less at home with a pen than a trigger,
Yet he managed to write,
And enclose in plain sight:
"I adore you; come on when you're bigger."

So the maidens made room for their uncle.
Now ere long they had eaten and drunk all
The fortune they had.
The dilemma was bad;
So they packed up their goods in a trunk all,

And they checked it direct for this cannibal.
For they said: "A descendant of Hannibal
Will be good to the poor
And he loves us, we're sure
He'll receive us with warmth quite unfanable."

Well, he came out and met them aboard ship.
They fell down and called him, "Your Lordship."
Then he took them ashore—
They've been heard of no more,
Since they sent one last yell back toward ship.

Now the moral of this, if you please, is
Don't invite home another man's nieces;
For they'll come and they'll stay:
You can't get them away—
Unless you can cause their deceases.

At Farmington.

If there's a place on earth that's fair
'Tis Farmington;
The girls are always sweetest there
At Farmington.
What greater bliss than 'neath the shade,
To wander with some laughing maid,
And later on to serenade
At Farmington?

I mean, that's as it used to be,
At Farmington;
But all has changed, alas, for me
At Farmington.

No wonder that the school seems drear
And e'en the girls should be less dear,
For Edith graduates this year
From Farmington.

The Boarding-School Girl.

The girls at the Frolic are pretty enough,
But isn't it true they're a little bit rough?
 Their lip-rouge and laughing
 Are really quite frightful,
 Their gay champagne quaffing
 By no means delightful,
Compared with the rare little, light little, fair little,
 bright little minx of a boarding-school girl.

The maid from Hawaii is lissome and gay
But isn't Hawaiian stuff fading away?
 That nude Hula-Hula,
 That sinuous dancing,
 Berlin's "Hicki-Doola,"
 Are not so entrancing,
Compared with the neat little, prim little, sweet little,
 trim little miss of a boarding-school girl.

The Chapel Street chicken entrances the eye,
But stop short with staring when she passes by!
 She may be delicious
 (We know you're a devil!),
 She may be pernicious—
 Admit, on the level,
She's naught to the cold little, shy little, bold little, fly
 little flirt of a boarding-school girl.

The dull débutante drinks her tea with a slouch,
And has a good time with a recherché grouch.

Her eyes so imploring,
Her chatter, and giggles
To you must be boring,
Conventional wiggles.

So here's to the sad little, glad little, bad little, mad little
witch of a boarding-school girl.

Time's Revenges.

When I was ten, and she fifteen—

Ah me! how fair I thought her!

She treated with disdainful mien

The homage that I brought her;

And, in a patronizing way,

Would of my shy advances say:

"It's really quite absurd, you see,

You're very much too young for me."

I'm twenty, now, she, twenty-five—

Well, well! How old she's growing!

I fancy that my suit might thrive

If pressed again; but owing

To great discrepancy in age,

Her marked attentions don't engage

My young affections; for you see,

She's really quite too old for me.

Geldeslied.

There is music, says the poet, in a maiden's whispered
words;
There is music, I acknowledge, in the warbling of the
birds;
But the music most entrancing, most enrapturing, I think,
Is the tintinnabulation of a pocketful of chink.

There is beauty in the meadows, in the sunset's ruddy
glow;
And the birds and flowers and butterflies are beautiful, I
know;
But though it may lack in color and be torn and crumpled,
still,
There's a very charming beauty in an old ten-dollar bill.

Well I know what rapturous bliss it is to clasp a maiden's
waist;
And the sweet exhilaration when her ruby lips you taste;
But of all the fleeting pleasures which exist 'neath
heaven's dome
The brightest and most joyous is to get a cheque from
home.

Her Gentle Touch.

Her gentle touch my pulses thrilled,
And all my heart with rapture filled
Whene'er her hand, so soft and white,
Vouchsafed to mine a pressure light.
Ah, then what castles I would build!

My every grief was straightway stilled,
And life went always as I willed
Whene'er I felt, in visions bright,
Her gentle touch.

But now we're wed, and I've been drilled
To fear, when, ribboned and befrilled,
She takes my hand and holds it tight,
'Twill cost me twenty dollars, quite,
To satisfy, all claims fulfilled,
Her gentle touch.

The Rubaiyat of Over Khutter.

I

Dreaming when Morning's glory filled the sky,
I heard a voice without my chamber cry.
Anon my roommate hammered at the door
With tales of cuts and Chapel—what cared I?

II

And as the clock chimed eight I heard the fall
Of many hasty feet sound through the hall,
But in the cozy comfort of my couch
I lay in peace, nor heeded them at all.

III

Let those who have not felt sweet Somnus' charm
Scurry to work, their books beneath their arm.
Ah, let us sleep and let the world go by,
Nor heed the whirring of the shrill alarm.

IV

Milford will be our fate, the foolish say,
Well, if it is so—what of that I pray?
There with no studies to disturb our rest,
What joy to lie and dream our lives away!

V

And then while countless aeons o'er us pass,
To lie at length beneath the churchyard grass,
In the soft lap of our loved Mother Earth,
Free from watch, clock, sundial, or hour-glass.

Demosthenes and Cicero.

An Ode in the Manner of the Ancients.

Demosthenes and Cicero!
Your beans are heavy with the snow
That lies in soft and restful heaps
Where the white(?) marble(?) courthouse sleeps.
You never drank—oh, no! oh, no!
Demosthenes and Cicero.

Demosthenes and Cicero!
Laugh at me, as I madly go
With wavering steps and reeling head
And shouts that might awake the dead!
Taking, as pasture for my feet,
The steps, the sidewalk, and the street!
You never drowned a care, a woe,
Demosthenes and Cicero!

You never shouted, "Kill the cop!"
Or wondered when the room would stop;
But always said, "I gotta study!"
Nor looked on wine when it was ruddy . . .
And so you sit and freeze and freeze,
Demosthenes, Demosthenes!

You never knew the talk, the laughter,
The sick dawn of the morning after,
You burned the well-known oil till late,
And wore stiff shirts, and got 3.8
And went at last where good boys go,
Cicero, O Cicero!

The wind must (hic!) hurt your naked knees,
Demosthenes, Demosthenes!
It must be cold to hold that snow!
Cicero, O Cicero!

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

While Smoke Skeins Curl.

(*Rondeau.*)

While smoke skeins curl from cigarette
Or pipe and form a writhing net
Of twirling strands before my eyes,
I see in twisted wreaths that rise
Dream Faces that I can't forget.

Gay are their eyes, or teary wet;—
And gentle blue, or grey, or jet;
And on their lips queer smiles arise—
When smoke skeins curl.

Oh, well I know that each coquette
Smiles thus on other men—"And yet,
Though that is true," my pipe replies,
"'Tis best to dream they tell no lies;
Let Fancy sweeter dreams beget—
When smoke skeins curl!"

J. W. BLAIR.

Two Games.

I

We all must play it hard today—
Who knows how Fortune veers?
You play for an hour of victory,
But I—for a thousand years.
For yours is a game of twenty-two,
But mine is a game of two.

II

The first half goes against you sore—
You hear the Tiger laugh,
You hope and fight to change the score—
I strive for a "better half."

III

The voice of the quarter-back rings loud
That spurs to victory—
While no one hears the word, soft-vowed,
That turns the tide for me!
For yours was a game of twenty-two,
But mine was a game of two.

Trio-Lady.

“A lovely lady garmented in light,”

What meaning to those words we now assign!
Divinest Shelley, thou who once didst write,
A lovely lady garmented in light,
Thou never sawest Fashion at her height,
Else thou hadst never dared to pen that line;
A lovely lady garmented in light,
What meaning to those words we now assign!

The Rara Avis.

There are men to whom Chapel's appealing
Though the monitor's off on a bum,
There are merry young flowers
Who take extra hours—
It's a marvel that renders me dumb.
There are Sophs. who continue their heeling,
Till November their credit they hoard—
But they don't pass the ban,
When compared with the man
Who will work after making the board.

Carnegie's refused to retire;
John D. will not rest on the shelf;
There's a lad who arises
At six. The surprise is,
His earliest class is at twelve;
But the thing that would really inspire
My soul, that would really afford
A sensation brand-new,
Is the editor who
Will work after making the board.

The Mistletoe.

(*Rondeau.*)

The mistletoe, in days of yore,
By Druids, versed in ancient lore,
Was held to be a plant most rare,
To which they offered frequent pray'r,
And sacrificed in time of war.

But Cupid's now forevermore
Is this fair flower; I implore
All ye of tender heart,—beware
The Mistletoe!

For see, Jane steals across the floor,
And halts an instant near the door
With winsome blush. It is a dare!
What drops and clusters 'round her hair?
What shyly feigns she to ignore?
The Mistletoe!

Complementary Colors.

I

A maiden from the Baltic Sea,
Whose eyes were blue as blue could be,
Cobaltic, one might say,
Contrived a clever *coup d'état*
All unbeknown to Pa or Ma,
In short, she ran away.

II

But not alone, good gracious, no!
She was eloping with her beau,
A youth of virtues rare.
His cheeks were red as any rose,
The same was said about his nose,
And red, too, was his hair.

III

The twain were married. Yet they say
That they had quarrels every day,
And wasted much affection.
For who'd suppose that they'd agree,
A pair who were, as you all see,
So different in complexion?

IV

But in their children they found joy,
A lovely girl, a stalwart boy,
Who grew, and grew, and throve.
The boy took after both the two,
For he was of a purple hue;
His sister, she was mauve.

Karovitchiouowski.

O maid with surprise in the light of your eyes,
And cheeks that are strange to a tear,
I'd like to rehearse your virtues in verse,
But your name's an impediment, dear.

Karovit—you begin, and there follows it in
A chi and a ki and some ou's,
With an ow and a ski, but what's worrying me
Is the way it starts sneezing my muse.

Every metre I've tried, and a dozen beside,
To emblazon her name, but they don't,
Yet my triumph completer would be if the metre
Could meet her halfway,—but it won't!

Rondeau.

Lucinda's heart is made of stone—
I'm sure of it! It's clearly shown
Each time I throbbingly begin
To speak of love, or things akin,
And find my purpose quickly known.

She laughs in such a mocking tone!
I fear, as I suppress a groan,
I'll *never* find a welcome in
Lucinda's heart.

And yet my love is far from flown;
In fact, I think it's rather grown;
Somehow I know, despite chagrin,
It's just 'cause Lucy's feminine—
Just woman's way—a woman's throne:
Lucinda's Art!

LORING M. STAPLES.

The Sheff Rush.

Oh, the band is playing gaily in the brightly flaring light,
And the classes are assembling from the darkness of the
night,

And the Seniors in their costumes are an awesome, fear-
some sight—

For they do things most completely there in Sheff.

Oh, there's spirit in the music when the order comes to
start,

And there's spirit in each buoyant step and in each buoy-
ant heart,

And—hush! say it in a whisper—there are spirits in the
cart—

For they do things most completely there in Sheff.

Oh, they zigzag up the street in most exhilarating style,

And they cheer and sing and dance and yell for upwards
of a mile,

And the playful little mucker gaily swipes each cherished
tile—

For they do things most completely there in Sheff.

Oh, there's fellowship abounding as the cups around they
pass,

And the semi-naked wrestlers struggle fiercely on the
grass,

And they'd do each other up for good in honor of their
class—

For they do things most completely there in Sheff.

The Autumn Girl.

My Summer girl was fair, lads,
My Summer girl was fair.
 But the Summer girl
 While the crisp leaves whirl
Is gone, when the elms grow bare.

Why should my heart be gay, lads,
In torrents falls the rain;
 The wind blows high,
 The dead leaves fly,
November's here again.

Amid the fallen leaves, lads,
The Autumn girl comes on;
 Who in spite of the gale
 Will cheer for Yale,
When the Summer girl is gone.

A Lenten Rhyme.

Aye, Lent has come! Away, false jollity!
And cloak in black! Mabel has turned from me,
And toward the church-bells ever takes her way,
She will not dance for all that I can say,
No longer saith she low, "George, stay for tea!"

I took her to the theatre, merrily,
Now I take up the plate, each day a fee. . . .
Gods, must I hear it to the fortieth day?—
Aye, Lent?

The trees are bare, the wind whines bitterly,
 And funerals are all that I can see—
 Slow Time shall bring me back the buds of May,
 Time shall bring back my love, laughing and gay,—
 But who returneth the ten bucks to me,
 I lent?

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

A Syllabic Symposium.

I

Inspire me, O Muse, with the indigo blues,
 While I crib out of History's page,
 And try to relate, the most horrible fate
 Of mankind, since the Pliocene Age.
 For those who are keen on this same Pliocene
 Say many a man left his corpse
 As a saccharine feast, for the indigent beast
 The Dinosaur Anthropomorps,—
 The Brachuocephalus-megalopopepsinous-dinosaur An-
 thropomorps.

II

But a new generation has given occasion,
 To make their friend Anthro look pale,
 And so I can tell of a tale that befell,
 To an innocent native of Yale.
 Now a chemical gent, once, over in Kent,
 Was toiling some law to refute
 By mixing diethyl-percaesium-methyl
 With pyrogal-chromate, dilute,—
 With sulphantimoniate pyrogal-chromate dilute.

III

But then with a smash, a scream and a crash,
The bottles blew up in a shake
The whole apparatus, and left him as flat as
The pancakes that mother can make.
And not only that, but he lay in a vat,
In an ocean, red-hot and incensed,
That sputtered and choked, and bubbled and smoked,—
'Twas pyrogal-chromate, condensed,—
'Twas sulphantimoniate-diethyl-methylene-percaesium-
pyrogal-chromate, condensed.

IV

"Oh, get me," he cried, "ere it reach my inside,
An alkaline antidote—do!"
But what should it be—"Oh, hurry," says he,
"Get a sesquisulphuric or two!"
Get a thiocarbaminide-tetramethyldiamidotriphenyl-me-
thane-sesquisulphuric, or two!"

V

Said the first assistant to the second assistant, "Where is
this thiocarbam-etc., etc.?"
Said the second assistant to the first assistant, "I'll get the
thiocarbam-etc., etc."
Yet e'en while they grunted and struggled and hunted,
He frittered and frizzled and fried,
In this polysyllabic, this Sanskrit-Arabic—
For a sesquisulphuric he died,
For a thiocarbaminide-tetramethyldiamidotriphenyl-me-
thane-sesquisulphuric—he died!

The Last Dance.

Dance, Amourette! Slowly the last waltz dies.

The gleaming floor is left a blank expanse.

Outside the hall the chill grey lights arise.

Dance, Amourette! The end comes swiftly! Dance!

Dance! While the music dwindles to its close

In a brief hour all's over and you go,

Leaving behind faint perfume and one rose

To solace me in weary hours and slow.

Ballade of Reminiscences.

The night taps on the window-panes

With sleety fingers, and the gale

In high-keyed monotone complains.

Thus while the elements assail,

Within are passed the mugs of ale,

Large, easy chairs the fire surround.

The ceiling wears a smoky veil,

When reminiscences go round.

The elements this throng disdains,

As knee to knee they pass the tale,

While on the ceiling flares and wanes

The happy firelight's laughter trail.

The mountains of the past they scale,

And hark the music of the hound

That faintly rends dim mem'ry's veil,

When reminiscences go round.

No sensitiveness e'er constrains
The teller to omit detail.
If he remembers not he feigns,
Lest a boon comrade's story fail.
Too soon the eastern sky grows pale,
Then mugs upon the table pound,
And each gives each a last "all hail,"
When reminiscences go round.

Envoy.

Prince, sapients and students pale
Deep theoretic themes expound,
But know true love and mirth prevail,
When reminiscences go round.

Maudlinlay.

I

By the Savin Rock Pagoda, looking eastward to the sea,
There's a Savin girl a settin', and she sets in vain for me,
For the wind comes thro' the campus, and the Chapel bells
they mock,

"Come you back, you foolish student, come you back to
Savin Rock."

Come you back to Savin Rock,
To the Old Mill and the Dock.

But the cash is sadly lacking, and I've nothing left to
hock.

On the road to Savin Rock

Where the festive students flock,

Can't you hear the trolley clanging from the Green to
Savin Rock?

II

O I'm sick o' wasting ivory on a grisly Commons bone,
And the blamed New Haven drizzle wakes a melancholic
groan.

Tho I walk with fifty students out of Commons to Battell,

And they talks a lot of eating—still the grub's an awful
sell.

Beef so bum and dirty plate—

Law! How can they masticate?

I've a keener, greener hunger than I had before I ate.

III

Ship me somewheres down in Gotham where the best is
near the worst,

Where there ain't no morning chapel and a man can raise
a thirst.

For the Chapel bells are calling, and it's there I wouldn't
be,

On a Chapel seat a listening to the choir in ag—o—nee.

Rather walking down Broadway,

Down the famed Rialto gay,

Can't you hear the autos honking as they beat it up
Broadway?

Ship me to the Great White Way

Where the careless chorae play,

For it's weeks since I have wandered down the road
they call Broadway.

Ballade of the Dreamland Rose.

Where the waves of burning cloud are rolled
On the farther shore of the sunset sea,
In a land of wonder that none behold,
There blooms a rose on the Dreamland Tree.
It grows in the Garden of Mystery
Where the River of Slumber softly flows
And whenever a dream has come to be
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

In the heart of the tree, on a branch of gold,
A silvern bird sings endlessly
A mystic song that is ages old,
A mournful song in a minor key,
Full of the glamour of faery;
And whenever a dreamer's ears unclose
To the sound of that distant melody,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

Dreams and visions in hosts untold
Throng around on the moonlit lea;
Dreams of age that are calm and cold,
Dreams of youth that are fair and free,
Dark with a lone heart's agony,
Bright with a hope that no one knows—
And whenever a dream and a dream agree,
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

L'Envoi.

Princess, you gaze in a reverie
Where the drowsy firelight redly glows;
Slowly you raise your eyes to me—
A petal falls from the Dreamland Rose.

W. BRIAN HOOKER.

Fussing the Game.

Villanelle.

She was eyeing me with a pretty pout,
And her small gloved hand lay,—ah, so near,
But the bases were full and no one out.

The crowd rose up, and called for a clout,
But the sound came faintly to my ear,—
She was eyeing me with a pretty pout.

I gazed at her face with a mien devout,
As if my attentiveness were sincere,
But the bases were full and no one out.

I leaped to my feet and joined the shout,
Then quickly sat at a glance severe,—
She was eyeing me with a pretty pout.

The light in her eyes dispelled all doubt,
And I *think* that I heard her murmur, “dear,”
But the bases were full and no one out.

First I looked at her, then I looked without,
And my head bobbed round in mad career,—
She was eyeing me with a pretty pout,
But the bases were full and no one out.

A Tertiary Tragedy.

A brontosaurus horrid
With his eyes up in his forehead,
And a neck beside which anything would pale,
Was a-nibblin' off the edges
Of some Tertiary sedges,
And playfully a-waggin' of his tail,
Like a flail
Was he swashin' of that Prehistoric tail.

Overhead a Pterodactyl
Came a-flappin' towards his back, till
He had almost made a landing on his Nibs.
On his vertebrums he lighted
And let out a squeal excited.
As he struck his little clawses in the ribs
Of his Nibs
And cried, "Rubber," as he tickled of his ribs.

That Amphibian stopped gazin'
With a howl that was amazin'
And he flapped his neck so rapid that it broke.
Seven cervicals were shattered,
And his dorsals were all scattered.
He was foolish for to rubber when he spoke,
Poor old bloke,
For to rubber when the Pterodactyl spoke.

Now the moral of this poem,
With its somewhat lengthy proem,
Is Organic Evolution, as they say,
The descendants of this saurus
Are the folks who always bore us;
For they always turn and rubber to this day,
So they say.
And "rubber-necks" we call them to this day.

Love at School.

Charming maiden—introduction—
 Never girl was half so sweet;
 Drooping eyelids, smiles—seduction—
 What a charming maid to meet!
 College life is dull and stupid—
 (Books don't edify a bit)
 By the poisoned shafts of Cupid—
 Hit.

Bills for candy and for flowers—
 But the game is worth the price;
 Dreaming o'er my books for hours—
 (But to love is very nice)
 Girls are winsome and elusive.
 Ootsey-ooed and turtle-doved,
 By a creature most exclusive—
 Loved!

Solemn warnings—all unheeded—
 What is knowledge 'side of love?
 Others failed but I succeeded—
 Eyes just like the stars above!

Maiden piquant, blonde and slender—
Love's the only thing desired—
By the faculty unyielding—
Fired!

L'Amour du Fresh
or
Poetry as a Profession for Young Men.

She was fair beyond expression,
He was but a callow Freshman;—
The rhyme some critics question,
But I do not greatly care.
She was really rather pretty,
As she strolled along out Whitney,
And so thought Master Sidney,
That's rhyming 'em for fair!

He doffed his cap in rapture,
Though he thought he would be slapped sure,
But instead she merely snapped "You're
A trifle fast at first."
(This poetic game is simple
If your brain is only nimble
Why, really it is sinful
To take money for a verse.)

In the intervening seventeen stanzas, the author develops the central theme, introducing a contrasting subplot, concerning a Lit. heeler and his wooing of the Muse, and brings the whole to a soul-satisfying climax. In the following epilogue he reaches the moral:

Though my verselet may not soothe you,
Still I think that it will prove you
That I've opened up a new view
Of this famed poetic art.
If you wish to be a poet
And let the people know it,
Take up your pen and go it,
With a brave unflinching heart.

On First Looking at Osborn Hall.

Of from the paths of virtue did I fall,
Where purple pigs and writhing snakes are seen.
Round many a smoky barroom have I been,
And heard hard-boiled men for red liquor call,
And never seemed to feel my hooch at all,
That gives most other men an aching bean,
Until I staggered once across the green,
And looked full in the teeth of Osborn Hall.

Then felt I like some devotee of rum,
Who sees a dinosaur come down the block,
Or like some poor D. T. afflicted bum,
Whom whining fiends and howling devils mock,
Who stands dismayed, too weak to go or come—
Hooting among the crowds at Savin Rock.

CYRIL HUME.

Popular War Idyll.

(As rendered at Poli's.)

"Each Crimson Stripe in the Flag, Boy."

"The bugle will call me tomorrow,"
Said a youth to the girl at his side,
And his heart was breaking with sorrow
For his weeping, blushing bride.
For he had just been recruited
On the day that they were wed:
But an old man arose and saluted (salute)
And to him proudly said:

Refrain.

*"Each crimson stripe in the flag, boy,
Stands for a soul that's gone above;
Washington and Lee, and others, you'll agree,
Died for the country we love;
And each silver star in song and story
Puts a hero on the honor roll of Fame,
For if you fall 'neath the shade of Old Glory
(salute)
You immortalize your name!"*

L. E. M. MEYER.

And Pity 'Tis, 'Tis True.

To view such hordes of students
Would make the Profs turn pale,
If all the summer Yale Men
Should really come to Yale.

Lent.

For forty days, my sweet Clarisse, for fun
Swears off on Huyler's—dances—cards—
The Little Nun.

For these things care I not a whit, but when
On kisses she swears off, I sigh—

I feel it then. .

Could I but hope Clarisse would grant me leave
To kiss her gentle maiden hand
Palm Sunday Eve.

But though she fasts for forty days, I fear
My sweet Clarisse is fast
For all the year.

The Prom.

Edmund Spenser.

The Ladie of my loue atte last is heare.
Vaine would it bee, shold I tempt to recite
The joie of her approach. To me more deare
Than Rosy-fingered Dawn to Tithones' sight.
But for vaine Beautie of her inward Spright
I ask not; it sufficeth that her Charms

By thoughtless eyes are seen, for my delight
Is, dauncing, streight t'enfold her in mine arms,
And ever hold her thus, far from alarms.

Robert Burns.

I and my bonnie lassie
Ben the nicht to the ba',
And there was not anither
Like her in a' the ha'.

As bonnie as the lassie,
So was the drink as braw.
But wae! It was the strengest
That ever I ha' saw.

And when the dance was over,
I lookt for her in vain.
She hadna bided for me,
And I maun gae hame alane.

Irving Berlin.

(*Chorus.*)

My dear (bing, bing) is here (bang, biff).
She came way up here from the city.

My land! but she's grand!
She's pretty—*yes, she's pretty*—and she's witty
(whee).

She certainly looks good to me,
Floating 'round that Armory,
To that brass-band harmony,
At that Junior Promenade.

Edgar Lee Masters.

Why should I
Pay all these expenses? Boxes,
Carriages, eats, hotel-bills—they do not
Appeal to me.
Wherefore,
I will buy one single ticket,
And attend the Prom. alone,
And cut in on other fellows;
And thus
I will save much money,
I am a wise boy.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

And I said: All this is rot,
And the laws of flesh are *nil*,
And I will. For who would not?
Let the world say what it will.
And I heard the call of my blood,
And I tarried the whole night long,
And I had my will, as I would.
But now I have seen my wrong.

I said I must have my fling,
And they knew the path I would go;
Yet no one told me a thing
Of the curse of an aching toe.
Folks talk too much of a sole
That has callous grown, and hard—
And not enough of searing flesh,
And blistered heels and scarred.

J. S. B.

Alone with Hay Fever at Any Summer Resort.

A Propos of about September 20.

The trains are all heavy with sleepers,
The platforms are littered with trunks;
The marshes are minus the peepers,
And traffic is moving in chunks.
The season for fishing is over,
The leaves trickle down from the trees;
While I sit alone with the clover—
And sneeze.

The curtain is down on vacation,
The windows are plastered with boards,
There's not any moonlight elation:
The people are leaving in hordes!
Alone with the muse must I tarry,
Alone with the chill autumn breeze,
Without even Tom, Dick or Harry,—
And sneeze.

The boats are drawn up on the beaches,
The birds aeroplane towards the south,
The markets are flooded with peaches,
We're having a terrible drouth;
The theatres at home in the city
Are charging exorbitant fees,
While I waste away—more's the pity!—
And sneeze!

(Sneezing is heard off-stage.)

G. M. M.

Ballade in Hope of April.

The snow is slush, the stripped trees bare;
The sky the old eternal grey,
But something stirring in the air
Brings promise of a better day;
Upon the elms the signs decay
That blazoned the last swimming meet—
And in the Cage the bat cracks gay—
The gusts of Spring are in the street!

The squirrels find each other fair,
The hurdy-gurdies start to play,
And we have blood and pep to spare—
And let our rubbers clog with clay—
Shop windows flare with negligee,
The corner cop steals from his beat
To Tuttle's many times a day—
The gusts of Spring are in the street.

Though some may scoff and some may swear
Let's be heroic anyway!
And shed our winter underwear!
What matter though soft airs delay,
And sniffles choke us with dismay,
And coy winds slap our face with sleet?
There flies a sparrow! Whoop! Hooray!
The gusts of Spring are in the street!

Envoi.

Princess, you love the *dégagée*
And styles more daring than discreet—
Be careful as you pass this way!
The gusts of Spring are in the street!

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

A Mere Matter of Proposing.

Nancy, with sparkling eyes, was there,
Dancing on those unrivaled feet;
With everything fine that women wear—
(Furnishings?—is that more concrete?)
At any rate, she was very sweet!
I gave her my heart—oh, bitter fate!
Said she, “I cannot stand this heat”—
Distinctly inappropriate.

Agnes—with gold, snow-covered hair,
Was daintily plodding through the sleet;
Her cheeks were flushed—and I declare
The spring and winter seemed to meet.
I couldn’t help but court defeat—
She laughed, and said with fearful weight,
“Too bad, Tom, don’t you think the street
Distinctly inappropriate?”

Helena had a bewitching air—
(This time I vowed to be discreet)
I followed her to an alcove, where
She sat adorably complete.

My heart skipped every other beat.
"If I were you, Tom, I would wait;
'Twould be, since I'm engaged to Pete,
Distinctly inappropriate."

Envoi.

Proposing, damsels, is a feat
Which I, for one, abominate.
For turn-downs are to man's conceit
Distinctly inappropriate.

JOHN FARRAR.

Ballade of the Summer Girl.

Some men prefer
Glad girls and free;
Others aver
Solemnity
Is best to see;
Some love the small—
But as for me,
I like them all!

Jane's face won't stir,
Belle laughs with glee,
May scoffs at her,
Anne hates all three—
Hélène, Mimi,
The short, the tall,
Gay, devotee—
I like them all.

I kneel to Her!
Composite She!
The kitten's purr;
Spring's constancy;
Death's cruelty;
She has in thrall.
—What's that to me?
I like them all.

Envoi.

Princess, one plea!
Let kisses fall,
Thirty times three!
I like them all!

Speaking Cereally.

Fair Harvard, may your vaunted line,
Be e'en as cornflakes in our bowl,
And when you rush, may all your feet
Be like the crumbled shredded wheat,
Or musty jelly roll.

But should your team, defeating ours,
Prove they're the better football men,
We'll buy the oatmeal and the cream,
You've but a year—so sweetly dream;
The bowl's uncracked; you'll come again.

J. C. H., JR.

Vacation.

Horace: Book I, Ode IX.

East Rock and Savin cold and cheerless stand,
The Bowl's become a fine snow pudding mold,
The waves cease playing—in an icy band—
No crews row now to catch a crab or cold.

Hot chocolate fills (and burns) the bill at founts,
Hot toddies lurk behind the swinging door;
The wood-fire flame a-top the chimney mounts,
At home the family pays. (Heap on some more.)

Don't fret, though midyears, threat'ning direly hov-
Er round, and thoughts of double cuts dismay.
Oh, college youth, could maidens aught but love?
Join the season's whirl and *dansant thé*.

Now all the 'phone wires buzz with making dates,
There's much to do and not near time enough.
If, laughing coy, the maiden hesitates,
Enjoy vacation. Kiss her. Call her bluff.

D.

Seashore Ballade.

Upon the beach a man and maid
Together walked beside the sea,
The ocean near their footsteps strayed;
All lay in deep solemnity.
He whispered words of love, while she
Listened in silence by the shore.
The waves heard all and splashed in glee;
They'd heard that same old stuff before!

The moon his light upon them played.
The outcome he could well foresee.
For as they wandered in the shade:
"Dearest, you are the first," said he,
"I've loved. Now will you marry me?"
The moon shone from above no more,
But hid his face; laughed cruelly—
He'd heard that same old stuff before!

The girl looked up, her face dismayed;
She quickly knew his pedigree.
The outward evidence she'd weighed,
And then, replying to his plea,
She answered him with laughter free:
"Deceitful fellows I abhor.
Am I the fourth, or number three?"
She'd heard that same old stuff before!

L'Envoi.

Maidens, I'm sure you'll all agree
That this is no mere fairy-lore.
Wherever you have chanced to be,
You've heard that same old stuff before!

LORING M. STAPLES.

My Remington.

(After Wordsworth.)

My Remington stands on my desk!
I gaze, and gaze at every key;
There's A, and B, and C, and D,
And E, and F, and also G,
And numerals from one to nine,
A period, a dollar sign,
Parentheses, a dash, a J,
Quotation marks, a Z, a K.

They all are at my beck and call
In morning, afternoon, or night;
Each one will do his little part—
Oh, 'tis an easy task to write
When each one does just as he ought;
I plunk, and plunk without a thought,
And what doth most appeal to me
Is that there's so much unity.

Kind reader, if you'll only *think*,
My Remington will prove to you
A model, guiding you through life,
Just as it taught *me* lessons true;

So place your trust in God's great care,
And try to do *your* little share;
Stay on the job and you will see—
Don't make a space where \$ should be!

F. W. BRONSON.

The Music Plays.

(*Rondeau.*)

The music plays, and to and fro,
The dancers glide, with movement slow—
Of future days all unaware,
For truly is the scene not fair,
And long the night? Yes, even so.

As lightly as the winds that blow
Across the grey moonlighted snow,
These hours of joy pass by—but there!
The music plays.

Let dark night into daylight flow—
In here, where hooded lights beam low,
We dance, while perfumes in the air
The breezes toss. Forget your care!
What brings the future? Who can know?
The music plays.

J. W. BLAIR.

An Abbreviated Song.

Abbreviation I despise—
Each genius has his whim—
And so when I take exercise
I hie me to the University Gymnasium.

If one starts to abbreviate,
He can't tell where he'll stop—
The books that I have used of late,
Have come from the Yale Co-Operative
Association.

I spell out every word I use
Though Philistines may scoff—
If you want backing for my views,
Inquire of any Professor, Assistant Professor
or Instructor.

But one curtailment would be right,
In these sad times of crams,
Without much harm, I think they might
Abbreviate th' exams.

Analogy to a Country Churchyard.

The Chapel tolls the knell of parting day,
The knowing herd winds slowly to Durfee,
The pluggier homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to Wiser and to me.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
To try the paths that Law or Sheff. adopt,
To waste its sweetness on the Branford Green,
The short and simple annals of the dropped.

The boast of Freshmen, and the Soph.'s disdain,
The gleeful Junior and the Senior sad,
Four years of college and of college reign—
The paths of glory lead but to the Grad.

Her Answer.

"Dearest," he whispered soft and low,
"This tiny ring to me pray lend,
It typifies my love for you,
For, like my love, it has no end."

"I have no rings to spare," she said,
"My heart you have no chance of winning,
My love to you is like the ring
In this respect,—there's no beginning."

E. L. M.

Human Nature.

On Chapel Street there stood a fence—
'Twas painted red.
A sign was placed upon the top,
"Fresh paint," it said.

Women, while walking up the street,
Would on it gaze.
And saying, "What a pretty shade!"
Would go their ways.

But all the men, on strolling by,—
By nature led,—
Would clean a finger silently.
"It is," they said.

A Ballade of Lost Ladies.

I wonder down what primrose way
Trips Olive, loved of Pierson Hall,
In what celestial cabaret
Sings Gertie, she that held in thrall
The Hof-Brau gang?—Oh, where's the small
Bedimpled Bobs who graced the rear
Of the giddy Globe, and loved us all?
Where are the girls of Freshman year?

Where's Betty gone with her odd whims?
Where smile the little trim brunettes
That twinkled through the Sunday hymns?
Where's Lois, fairest of coquettes,
Hope, Babe and Nan—Fate's marionettes!
Where's Peg, who drank huge steins of beer,
With eyes like morning violets?
Where are the girls of Freshman year?

Where's Floss, who saw the Crimson win,
And showed the prettiest distress,
Where's Madge's proud patrician chin,
And Edie's scarlet evening dress?—
Where's Ruth with her sweet breathlessness,
With tremulous whisper: "Love me, dear"?
With hands' light, sudden, shy caress. . . .
Where are the girls of Freshman year?

Envoi.

O Prince, ere Time's dread debt I pay,
While Pan still pipes, and I still hear,
In what bright meadows do they stray—
Where are the girls of Freshman year?

ELLIOT E. COHEN.

The Lit. Poet.

On his having arrived at the age of XXIII.

(With regards to John Milton.)

How soon hath Rhyme, the subtle thief of truth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My budding days fly on with full career:
Yet all my harvest naught but lemons shew'th,
Perchance the presence of a wisdom-tooth
May make me seem to manhood now so near;
But still my verses do much less appear
Than Keats' or Clough's or Hunt's or other youth.

Yet, that near-poetry be rather slow
And that the measure be not strictly even
In which Rhyme leads me, and the will of Heaven,
Oh, tell me not in mournful numbers!—Lo,
For figures never lie—skidoo for me:
My mournful numbers are just 23!

LAWRENCE MASON.

*Thoughts upon a Classmate's Announcement
of His Engagement.*

So Jim's engaged! Well, I'll be damned,
I never thought he loved the dames;
I always thought he rather slammed
Them. Oh, you James!

The crazy boob! In college still!
How does he know he can support her?
Perhaps he's favored in some will,
Or she's some banker's daughter.

(I wonder if I'd have a chance—)
Yes, he's a fool—I've always said it.
(Would she say yes?) Bill sure can dance!
(Gosh, how I dread it!)

I wouldn't be Jim for a farm!
(I wonder if she really knows?)
Not that I wish him any harm!
(Shall I propose?)

W. B. L.

On Being Insolvent, in the Middle of the Term.

When I consider how my cash is spent,
Ere half the term, in this abode of bills,
And how reminders, older than the hills,
Come pouring in, while I have not a cent—
Fain would I joke of money, say 'tis Lent,
But these collectors are a lot of chills.
Their frosty air my brightest humor kills;
They smile not when I say I'm "badly bent."

The mail box yields no gift of welcome check,
I telegraph my pleas, but all in vain;
If money's coming, it must be by freight.
I'm high and dry, a bleak financial wreck;
And those collectors, melancholy train,
Stir not a foot; they only stand and wait.

Warning to Heelers.

"*Think Banks will make the crew?*"
"*No; he hasn't got enough pull.*"

—Record, B. C. 492.

(With apologies to F. P. A.)

When Homer, waxing comic, raised a probe,
And at conditions-as-they-were desired to poke
Some fun, he stole from out the book of Job
That joke.

In later years yon Cassius used to tell
The selfsame wheeze—and always got a smile;
It had the Roman *Punch* jokes skinned by—well,
A mile.

John Milton, stern, religious, and severe,
Was wont at certain times to take a rest,
In which he'd fairly revel in this here
Now jest.

Which makes a pedigree of worthy size,
And also causes undergrads to huff
Whene'er they see in print before their eyes
Such stuff.

“THE EDITORS.”

A Lit. Poem.

Where are the sons of Saturn?
The sour-faced sons of Saturn?
(Yes, where the deuce are they?)
But no! I must not chew gum,
That way lies madness.
I must lie still and look into
The deep, dank well of Eternity.
In the lacquered hush of an aching noon
The cormorant trills his lullaby.
“Yes, but Father, I love, I love!”—
Pierrot lay dead.

A. W.

Snakes Cause a Lot of Trouble.

Clara was a lovely girl.

Adolf was a reptile charmer.

Not for all the Orient's pearl

Would he harm her!

Proud, she scorned his heart that bled!

Hoped "his snakes would fricassee him!"

Swore that "she would never wed

A museum!"

So he laid a deadly plot!

Planted rattlers by a cliff;

Where they'd, when she struck the spot,

Scare her stiff!

(*They* were tame ones, but that night,

Since they lonely were, and hearty,

Gave ten cousins an invite

To a party!)

Clara came, the serpents hissed,

She stood still—dared not alarm them,

Adolf rushed out to assist—

Tried to charm them!

Then the cousins wrapped about

Neck and arms and pinched and poked him,

Drove him staggering in rout

Almost croaked him!

—Till, in manner quite Eurasian,

Clara rose to the occasion!

Dragged the serpents off his neck
(Too polite to sting a lady!);
Led him to a running beck,
Where 'twas shady!

Bathed his bruises with a sad eye,
Kissed him. Said, "I love you, Addy!"

While the snakes began to hum,
Low, "Ta *tum* ta-ta! Ta *tum*—"

Moral—Strategy oft fails!
True love *always* turns the scales!

Moral Two—All snakes are not
So polite as Clara's lot. . . .

Chloe, shall we tie the knot?

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

Brutus Cassius.

Young Brutus Cassius came to Yale,
He was quite *quisque puer*.
But Rome rejoices now, they say,
It is one Roman fewer.

He thought he was a devilum,
A *bonus magnus homus*,
And cried, when he came home at night,
"Where is my *hic-haec-domus*?"

He staggered the *Yalae* Promenade—
The girls thought him *cutorum*—
He wore a *cui culpa* vest
And Frank's eight-buck bootorum.

Examinations spelled a "*fnis*"—
He was no more required.
And like a Roman-candle stick,
Was Brutus Cassius fired.

J. S. R.

Ballade of My Roommate.

I had a coat. It was of the best,
Beautifully fashioned for evening wear,
Tailored by Eck and by Rosey pressed.
(Read the ads if you really care!)
But now my heart is filled with despair.
A terrible grief has come. For see!
I cannot find the thing anywhere—
My roommate stole it away from me!

I had a wallet. A small-sized chest
Wouldn't contain half, I declare,
Of the shekels that in that wallet were pressed—
It made me feel like a millionaire.
But now it has vanished in thin, thin air:
One little party, one evening's spree
Took it. You ask me: why should I care?—
My roommate stole it away from me!

I had a car. With the family crest
And my initials engraven there.
I owned it one year, and not an arrest
Had come my court record to impair.
But now it is locked in the sheriff's lair,
And I am lamenting bitterly,
And paying the fines. Do you call that square?—
My roommate stole it away from me!

Now coat, car, wallet—I do not care!
Nothing they were or will ever be.
But—I had a girl: she was passing fair,
My roommate stole her away from me.

T. C. CHUBB.

*Harvard Changes to a Richer Red—
“Arterial Blood.”*

Cambridge, Mass. March 5:

Harvard University is no longer represented by the famous color of crimson. The Corporation decided that there were too many variations used on the Harvard flags and banners and have officially adopted a new color—“arterial blood.” It is of much richer red than the former color, appearing to be of a purple shade.

Fling out the Crimson banners
Into the old ash pail,
The Harvard Corporation
Thinks them a trifle pale.

Chorus:

“Arterial blood, arterial blood,
Red corpuscles galore,”
Shall be our watchword, fellows,
Till the beefsteak is no more.

The crimson was sufficient
Before the college grew,
But as we're getting richer
Grows our color richer too.

Chorus:—

Each warrior of the gridiron
Will court the vicious blows,
To see his college colors
Come streaming from his nose.

Chorus:—

Each pusher of the scalpel
In our dear Medic school,
Will dabble in our colors
As he plies his gruesome tool.

Chorus:—

Then hail to the great Beef Trust,
And to their gory halls,
With our new colors blazoned
On windows, floors, and walls.

Chorus:—

(Slowly and with great feeling)

Let auricles and ventricles
Unanimously throb,
To keep old Harvard's colors
Forever on the job.

Lime Rickey.

In New York there once lived a Col.,
Who published a blackmailing Jol.,
 When called into court,
 The facts he'd distort,
And when cornered he lied most infol.

The Snake.

My coiffure is neatly bisected
 With the straightest of ruler-like parts.
This, all by itself, was detected
 In smashing up feminine hearts.
I slick my hair down with the grease of a goose,
 Which is proof against wobble or shake.
My manners are charming; my morals are loose.—
 Sssssssss—I'm a snake.

My line is both unctuous and oily.
 I sparkle with jewels of wit.
When I smile at a maiden, she coyly
 Falls into my arms in a fit.
I've got *savoir faire*, and I've learned to converse
 While I smoke, gurgle tea, and eat cake.
They say that my habits are shady or worse.
 Sssssssss—I'm a snake.

I never fall into the butter.
 I balance my hat on my nose.
When I see a good-looker I flutter—
 A butterfly after a rose.

I'm caution itself, but know when to be bold.
When the chaperons view me they quake.
I'm a shot in the dark; I'm a wolf in the fold.
Sssssssss— I'm a snake.

CYRIL HUME.

November 24.

Banners that glow with a sunset flare—
Banners that mock at the blue, blue sky!
Wan, tense faces and faces fair
Massed in the stands with the contest nigh!
Slogans that shatter the clouds on high—
Echoing thunder across the vale—
Comrades, how proudly our colors fly!
What will a victory mean to Yale?

Gridiron-harnessed your henchmen dare
Here to the utmost to fight or die.
Thunder of cheers shakes thy omened air;
Hosts roar their challenge and hosts defy!
Guerdon of heart's beat and tender eye,
Meet for the victors in leathern mail,
Sway in Fate's scales as the halves lag by—
What will a victory mean to Yale?

Down, where the coveted chalk lines glare
Menace to moleskin, and hopes belie,
Well have the blue heroes borne their share,
Trampled and beaten the foemen lie!

Or—is it seeming? Will Fortune cry
“Habet” at last, and the Old Guard fail,
Victory wrested from victors nigh?—
What will a victory mean to Yale?

Envoy.

Yale will fight cleanly and fight it fair
Never to rest till the Blue prevail—
(Hark to the crash of yon frenzied blare!)
—What will a victory mean to Yale!

An Ottoman Oracle.

Old Nasr-ed-din Hoja, an effulgent theologian,
Once lived in far-off Turkey where by work he earned
some pelf;
Then studied occult sciences, with eastern thought appli-
ances,
And there learned, so the story goes, to orient himself.
A master of parenesis and mind dynamogenesis,
He worked out every question that suggestion could
evolve.
But once this metaphysical disciple met a physical
Phenomenon the hendy old Effendi could not solve.
While walking in the market-place, with practiced patri-
archate pace,
A roast of meat he tested, and invested in two okes,
Which proved, cooked with economy, a triumph in gas-
tronomy,—
A sight which that appealing hungry-feeling tone
evokes.

The prospect turned his slavey's head. "Roast ribs of beef,
dish gravy!" said

The maid, as all excited, she invited in her crew.
They feast, nor does the ball let up, till everything is all
eat up,

And nothing greets the master but disaster when they're
through.

Ere long they hear the Hoja call in accents paragogical.

"Who ate my roast up?" called he, but they all denied
it flat.

Then seeking with simplicity to cover her duplicity,

The maid, who feared discredit, went and said it was
the cat.

Then said the Trojan physicist, "I'll let a sloe gin fizz
assist

My intellect to wrestle with your mesolithic jokes."

And then the thought occurred to him to weigh the cat,
which purred to him.

It tipped the balance nicely and precisely at two okes!

Confused in his perplexity, his concepts gained complex-
ity,

Nor did his diagnosis or psychosis aid him much.

"Be this a two-oke cat," said he, "where can my meat be
at," said he,

"Or if, perchance, this is the meat, where is the cat, as
such?"

The Modest Poet.

“Dear Jack,” said Kate, with eyes of blue,
“To tell the truth I cannot see
Why you don’t make a verse or two
Which I can say is all for me.”
“My love,” said Jack, “that would I do
If I did not with fear foresee
That if I made a verse to you,
It might make you averse to me.”

Habet.

*I was one of many men
Danced and laughed with her tonight;
Shall we ever meet again?*

Known before but not till then
First unfolded on my sight—
I was one of many men.

Moonlight on the misty fen,
Dim suggestion of delight,
Shall we ever meet again?

Did she guess, I wonder, when
Flowed the rose across the white?
I was one of many men!

And I pass from out her ken,
Unremark’d, forgotten—quite—
Shall we ever meet again?

Dull the brain and vain the pen.
Only one refrain I write!—
I was one of many men,
Shall we ever meet again?

Rondeau.

In other days, when belle and beau
On pointed pirouetting toe,
Through minuet and Morris vied
To celebrate the Christmas-tide,
The salons bloomed with mistletoe.

Coquette Belinda passed below
With dainty mincing step and slow,
Sir Plume in satin at her side,
In other days.

He kissed her pretty lips? Ah—no!
With courtly grace he bowed full low,
And kissed her tender hand, and sighed.
—Not so were I by Helen's side!
For that, you know, was long ago,
In other days.

Josh, Jane, and Jake; or The Wooer's Woe.

Ho, ho, for the hayfield now!
A loony lad and a spoony maid
Back of the old barn sat in the shade.
He almost died for glee, haw haw,
And grabbed her hands, when she tickled his jaw
With a piece of straw—
Haw, haw, for the hayfield now!

So he gave her a smack and a hug half stifling,
Till she cooed in his arms, "Now, Jake, you ain't
trifling?"—
Then 'round the corner romped pa a-rifling:
So Jacob up-jumped and dumped his wifeling,
Oh, oh, for the hayfield now,
Oh, *oh*, for the hayfield now!

No time to explain that he wanted to marry;
Old Farmer Josh said he'd better not tarry
Or he'd get no boot, but a *bullet*, by Harry!
So with hands behind in protective fashion
Over the spot fathers lay the lash on,
Jacob escaped from that farmer's passion—
Ow, out to the hayfield now!

HOWARD S. BUCK.

Ballade of the Favorite Briar.

I

When with the dusk the book is laid aside
And round the room I glance with aimless eye,
No thought have I of toil; but let Ease guide
My spirit, and with her behests comply.
She bids me for a little while defy
The pleasant threats of importuning Care,
Light up my pipe and dream with half-closed eye
While fragrant smoke-wreaths scent the quiet air.

II

Sometimes a letter comes, and satisfied
With thrice re-reading, for my old ally,
The black briar on the table by my side,
I reach, and we together glorify
An hour with thoughts of Her—thoughts that outfly
Old Time himself, and paint the future fair.
—Thus blissfully we muse, my pipe and I,
While fragrant smoke-wreaths scent the quiet air.

III

My every knotty question I confide
To that good briar; when we two apply
Our minds to carking troubles, we decide
Full soon, or else we idly pass them by
To puff care free—Forgot is every sigh,
For only happiness is near whene'er
I light my pipe and lazy, peaceful, lie
While fragrant smoke-wreaths scent the quiet air.

Envoy.

Prince, wouldst thou see thy every burden fly
And leave thee, for a little, free? Prepare
All-wondrous Nicotine to deify
While fragrant smoke-wreaths scent the quiet air.

Year's End.

O'er the Campus night is stealing; Campus lights gleam
in the mist;
Quietly the dusk-dews falling rim the grass with amethyst.
Statues cast their hazy shadows: lights are glinting; win-
dows gleam;
Strains of music float from Berkeley, like a song within
a dream.

Distant, cold the white moon rises, painting towers with
silver light. . . .
Moon-gleams writhe between elm branches. June breathes
quietly at night.
On the fence lit pipes are glowing. Some one calls up to
a friend;
Strolling students scrape the sidewalks—
The year draws nearer to its end,
Drawing sadly into dreams with other years that fleetly
fly,
Drifted to the Land of Mem'ries. . . . Well, old year,
good-bye, good-bye!

J. W. BLAIR.

In Ye Olde Dayes.

In ye olde dayes of Camelot,
Y-cladde in coate of maile,
Sir Modred unto Princetonne wente—
Sir Lancelot to Yaile!

There eache for footballe didde go oute,
And tried to make ye squadde,
To winne a letter for hys shielde,
To sporte aboute ye quadde!

And thenne Sir Lancelot's roommate brougte
Faire Guinevere to ye game,
To see yonge Lancelot touchdowns make—
And winne hymself muche faime.

Now Modred was a jealous manne.
He played at Princetonne's garde;
He said: "I'll smash Sir Lancelot!"
—Looke oute, the guy is harde!

But Lancelot y-cared not,
He skyrted ye lefte ende,
And thyrtye yardes for touchdown went,
Ye Princetonne team to bende.

So after gaime faire Guinevere
Said: "Lancelot, you're ye kidde!"
And ever after lyked him well,
—Odzooks! I'll saye she didde!

T. C. CHUBB.

Hard Luck.

We had to laugh the other day at Will;

He'd danced a girl around till overpowered
When on her back he waved a dollar bill!

The stag line gasped, and gaped, and looked its fill,

While William o'er her shoulder fiercely glowered.
We had to laugh the other day at Will!

They stumbled round again, we watching still,

He spreading, as his features slowly soured,
Upon her back a new five-dollar bill!

We'd all been dead if wicked looks could kill

As nice again he passed where each man cowered;
We had to laugh the other day at Will!

His bids for aid were finally raised until

I tagged him while the storm of insults showered—
Took from her back a twenty-dollar bill!

L'Envoi.

Brand me a fool, but never call me coward,

And at my act of bravery may you thrill!
I longed e'er that fell evening grew late-houred
To give him back his twenty-dollar bill!

DAVID G. CARTER.

I Had Never Had It.

I had kissed her; I'd embraced her;
I had sat beside her, there,
Full an hour and a quarter;
I was smoothing back her hair.

When she gently queried: "Dearest,
Do you think there'll be a risk
If I visit Sue, tomorrow?"
Quick, I asked, in accents brisk:

"What, my darling, is the danger?"
Then she whispered, clinging near:
"I've been nursing brother William:
He has yellow-fever, dear."

N. A. B.

Musings of a Discreet Bachelor.

Young Orpheus, the myths declare,
Once rivalled Messrs. Barnum-Bailey—
The animals would dance whene'er,
He strummed his Grecian ukulele.

Eurydice fell for him hard
(She was the fairest of the ladies),
He always held the winning card,
It seemed, until she strayed to Hades.

To get her back he had to lead
Her out without once gazing on her:
A mighty trying task indeed,
With her a reg'lar primer donner.

The point I wish to draw is this:
A glance DID pass between the lovers,
And for that glimpse he lost his miss—
For sale: One new twin bed and covers.

Of those who lamped Medusa's locks—
And goodness knows she wasn't pretty—
They gathered in sufficient rocks
To build a wall around the city.

Pandora looked beneath the lid
Despite her mother's earnest warning.
Whoever thought that what she did
Would put New Jersey into mourning?

The Bible states that Mrs. Lot,
A lady somewhat prone to staring,
Just HAD to look when she should not—
And promptly was a kippered herring.

Godiva's case is plain enough
To point the moral of my ditty;
She pulled the back-to-nature stuff
On Main Street, Ascalon, her city.

The Board of Aldermen then cry:
"We'll do our level best to hide her;
Let no one turn the naked eye
Upon the ditto bareback rider."

There is just one guy in the place
Who can't resist the keen suspense or
Something, gazes on her face—
(And more, deleted by the censor.)

Blinded is he for his rude act,
Loud are the groans of pain he utters.
While all the rest display more tact
And stay indoors behind closed shutters.

In face of every gruesome tale
Of looking, meaning, demolition,
My health and eyesight do not fail
Because of last night's exhibition.

But I'll not take another chance,
Thus warned by story, myth, and ballad:
Next time a woman pulls that dance
I'll keep my eyes upon my salad.

S. V. HOPKINS.

Jones.

Jones, '95, sits in the stands
And cheers for Yale with clenching hands,
He pleads for touchdown and for score,
Just as he pled in '94,
When men in Blue at his commands,
The Black lines tore. . . .
Jones, '95.

Jones, '21, is fighting hard,
He makes the team gain every yard
It can. He knows his dad is there,
And he must tear
For gains, though battle-scarred.
He's scrapping square,
Jones, '21.

After the game there is a pair
Who drink and smoke, without a care. . . .
The game is won, the scrap is done—
JONES, '95 — JONES, '21.

W. BENTON.

Fussing the Game.

You look so sweet; I've never seen
Such eyes as you have, little queen,
The violets upon your breast
Blush purple joy, for they are blessed—
Hey, there, you kid, a minute stop,
Give us two pints of lemon pop!

I think the blue within the skies
Is jealous of your azure eyes;—
The drooping lilies sorry stand
Before the whiteness of your hand
And when you blush, the roses frown—
You mutt in front there, please sit down!

The music of a Brahms is heard
When your voice says a little word.
The beams of sun that fill the air
Are loath to leave your golden hair;
I see your smile; my soul is stilled—
The umpire's mad. Let him be killed!

J. W. BLAIR.

Vision.

When Herbert meets a girl, his eyes
Stray shyly down to where her feet—
And maybe—when the winds arise—
An ankle or a slender limb
His eager gaze may haply greet—
And that is all I'll say for him!

When Harry meets a girl his glance
Efficiently leaps to her lip—
Prophetic gaze! For soon, perchance
His eyes alone need not rest there,
But his long arm may gently slip
About her and—it's rude to stare!

When I met you, my loved one, though,
My vision swam with more than these—
I peered into your eyes—and lo!
I saw the glory of the night,
Felt on my cheek the Olympian breeze,
And walked among the gods of light.

J. A. THOMAS.

The Modern Way.

Lovely night!
Crescent moon,
Situation
Opportune;
Ruby lips,
Slight mustache,
Combination
In a flash.
Maiden speaks
Whene'er she can,
Softly gurgles,
"Naughty man."
Hesitates—
Whispers then
"Be a naughty
Man again!"

M. K. S.

Epilogue.

There, gentlemen, the play is done—
Don't hurry from your seats too fast!
Though many a play is yet to run,
This donning of the paint's our last,
Recount a moment, while you sit,
The acts, the lines, we've parried here,
In loyalty to our calling.
And smile if any gibe has hit,
And clap a bit, for smiles are dear,
While yet the curtain's falling.

There, gentlemen, the book is through,
Wait just a moment ere you close,
Such as it was, 'twas writ for you,
In pictures, poetry and prose.
Turn back a moment, look awhile,
And show your pleasure by a look,
If something's more than clever,
For that which makes This Morning smile,
Tomorrow deems a riddle book—
While you go on forever!

There, gentlemen, the dance is done,
The song is sung, the cup is drained,
Though many a dance was unbegun,
And many a cup and song remained!
Just try your mem'ry, hum a bar,
Above the shuffle in the aisle—
If one is worth recalling—
They're all forgotten? So they are—
Well, sentiment is out of style,
E'en when the curtain's falling!

J. G. R.

Adieu.

“Bottoms up”—with a laugh!
Lads, we've made our day a true one.
Not a dull one—not a blue one—
Had our fling of jest and chaff.

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“Bottoms up!” Here we stand
'Round the board where we have reveled.
And no pessimist, bedeviled
By dull care, has ta'en a hand.

“Bottoms up!” Life we've found
Sunshine, fellowship, and laughter.
Let us face the grim Hereafter,
Clinking for another round.

“Bottoms up!” This our mood—
Rain or sunshine—joy or sorrow—
Let what will come on the morrow—
Every hour, we've found it good!

“Bottoms up!” This our creed—
Open heart and laughter mellow!
Every lad who loves his fellow
Is the lad for us indeed!

“Bottoms up!” Faith, 'tis small—
This mote world where we've our being!
Then laugh, lads, no ill foreseeing,
For a laugh's the best of all.

“Bottoms up!” “Finis” write
O'er our page of Fun and Folly,
In the book of Joy—But jolly
Lads shall take our seats tonight.

“Bottoms up!” Sails unfurled,
To our betters we resign her—
Our brave barque. Long o'er the brine her
Keel has borne us down the world.

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